

## Ode to the Noble Dirt Milk

by Harold Roberts the Fishy the Third (probably)

I once drank a gallon of Dirt Milk at dawn,  
Then hiccupped so hard that my eyebrows were gone.  
I burped up a worm made of meat (how absurd),  
He yelled "MEAT WORM!" then shouted "Bigg" as he slurred.

I tripped on my cloak, which was stuffed full of junk—  
A mango, a snorkel, a red pickle chunk.  
Ripley looked up with her beefy old frown,  
Then promptly sat down and just peed on the town.

Gargantium sighed as he played wizard chess,  
While Enarion screamed in a cape made of stress.  
A unicorn's leg was just chillin' on ice,  
Right next to four jars that once held pickle spice.

I cast a small spell to revive my lost sock—  
Instead, I summoned a sentient rock.  
It whispered in Webdings and danced with a spoon,  
Then sang me a lullaby under the moon.

So here's to the madness, the spells, and the snacks—  
To trolls with no teeth and to magical yaks.  
My freezer is full, and my heart's kinda full too,  
With Dirt Milk and chaos and Ripley's old shoe.